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Yet insuperable it cannot be. The time must come when the Beast will disappear. He is not the real America but only a passing form. The two great defects of modern American architecture, monotony on the one hand and a horrible heterogeneousness on the other, must give place sooner or later in the evolution of the country to a clearer vision. The time will come when Beauty will bind together all the various elements of race that make up the United States, and when a serene and majestic art will flourish there befitting the soul of a great people. Unity will then be the law as in the ancient

times and with her scourge she will drive out monotony, that drab daughter of materialism who is masquerading in her place. Variety, law's handmaid and the twin-sister of imagination, will destroy heterogeneousness and will color with her myriad tints the temples of her mistress, while the music of proportion makes harmony in the land.

That which is born of the spirit will have come to stay and it will be not only "rich," not only "generous," not only "powerful," but *beautiful* America.

Helena de Kay

## THE MAPLE LEAF

'Tis never the need of tears for you!  
 You went as you wished to go—  
 When the skies of France were April-blue  
 As the northern spring your boyhood knew—  
 With your forehead toward the foe!

Under the rim of the red barrage  
 Where the tall colonials came  
 You found the Grail of your questing, lad—  
 And your soldier-soul was only glad  
 In the mist of mortar-flame!

'Tis never the need of tears for you  
 Nor the wistful words of grief!  
 For death—ah, hush to the heart of me!—  
 But bound with the golden *fleur-de-lis*,  
 The bronze of the maple leaf!

For death who reaps for the shining sheaf  
 Of the symbols which are best  
 But stooped, in a splendor breathless—brief,  
 To seek the sign of the maple leaf—  
 Which I wear against my breast!

'Tis never the need of tears for you!  
 With your face set toward the foe,  
 While the clear colonial bugles blew  
 Your last charge, lad—for your last adieu!  
 You went as you wished to go!

Kadra Maysi

